

# A General Sale of Rebellious Household-stuff

Cxcv.

To the Tune of Old Simon the King.



[1]

**R**ebellion hath broken up House,  
And hath left me old Lumber to sell;  
Come hither and take your choice;  
I'll promise to use you well.  
Will you buy the old *Speaker's* Chair,  
Which was warm, and easie to sit-in,  
And often-times hath been made clean,  
When as it was fouler then fitting,  
*Says old Symon the King,*  
*Says old Symon the King,* (Nose,  
With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his mamsiey  
Sing bey ding, ding, a ding ding.

[2]

Will you buy any Bacon-flitches?  
They're the fattest that ever were spent;  
They're the sides of the Old Committees,  
Fed up with th' *Long Parliament*.  
Here's a pair of Bellows and Tongs,  
And for a small matter I'll sell 'em;  
They're made of the *Presbyters* Lungs,  
To blow up the Coals of Rebellion,  
*Says old Symon the King, &c.*

[3]

I had thought to have given them once  
To some Black-Smith for his Forge;  
But, now I have consider'd on't,  
They're Consecrated to th' Church;  
For I'll give them to some Choir,  
To make the Organs to rore,  
And the little Pipes squeek higher  
Than ever they did before,  
*Says old Symon the King, &c.*

[4]

Here's a couple of Stools for sale,  
The one square, and t'other is round;  
Betwixt them both the Tail  
Of the *RUMP* fell unto the ground.  
Will you buy the States Council-Table,  
Which was made of the good *Wain-Scot*,  
The frame was a tottering *Babel*,  
To uphold th' *Independent-Plot*?  
*Says old Symon the King, &c.*

[5]

Here's the *Beefom* of Reformation,  
Which should have made clean the Floor;  
But it swept the Wealth out of th' Nation,  
And left us Dirt good store.  
Will you buy the States Spinning-wheel,  
Which spun for the *Ropers* Trade?  
But better it had stood still,  
For now it has spun a fair Thread,  
*Says old Symon the King, &c.*

[6]

Here's a very good Clyster-pipe,  
Which was made of a Butchers stump;  
And oft-times it hath been us'd  
To cure the Colds of the *RUMP*.  
Here's a lump of *Pilgrim-Salve*,  
Which once was a Justice of Peace,  
Who *Nol* and the *Devil* did serve;  
But now it is come to *This*,  
*Says old Symon the King, &c.*

[7]

Here's a Roll of *States Tobacco*,  
If any Good Fellow will take it:  
It's neither *Virginia* nor *Spanish*,  
But I'll tell you how they do make it;  
'Tis *Covenant* mixt with *Engagement*,  
With an *Abjuration-Oath*;  
And many of them that did take it  
Complain it is foul in the mouth,  
*Says old Symon the King, &c.*

[8]

Yet the *Almes* may happily serve  
To Cure the Scab of the Nation,  
When they have an Itch to serve  
A Rebellion by Innovation.  
A *Lanthorn* here is to be bought,  
The like was scarce e'r begotten;  
For many a *Plot* 't has found out,  
Before they ever were thought-on,  
*Says old Symon the King, &c.*

[9]

Will you buy the *Rump's* great Saddle,  
Which once did carry the Nation?  
And heres the Bitt and the Bridle,  
And Curb of Disimulation.  
Here's the Breeches of the *Rump*,  
With a fair dissembling Cloak,  
And a *Presbyterian* Jump,  
With an *Independent* Smock,  
*Says old Symon the King, &c.*

[10]

Here's *Oliver's* Brewing-Vessels,  
And here's his Dray and his Slings;  
Here's *Hewson's* Aul and his Bristles,  
With divers other odd things.  
And what doth the Price belong  
To all these matters before-ye?  
I'll sell them all for an *Old Song*,  
And so I do end my story,  
*Says old Symon the King,*  
*Says old Symon the King,* (Nose,  
With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his mamsiey  
Sing bey ding, ding, a ding ding.